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CANADIAN : SERIES : OF : BOOKCETS

. Our Dorland.

CHARLES SANGSTER

BY

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THE COPP, CLARK COMPANY (Limited), TORONTO

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With the Compliments of the Season

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Our * Rorland ***





DE have no Dryads in our woods,

No Fairies in the hills,

No Dereids in the crystal floods,

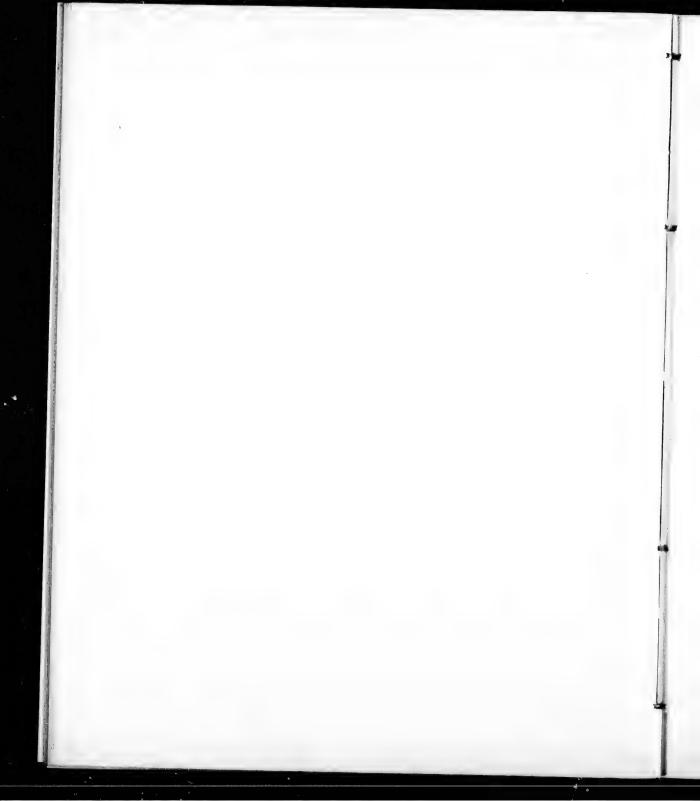
Nor Undines in the rills;

No jolly Satyrs such as he,

The sentle Spenser, found

In that rare Dream of Chivalry

With which his muse is crowned:



No Sylvan deities,

No Sylvan deities,

No Ouply to hold along the brooks

Their midnight revelvies;

No Ogres, guarding castle keeps,

No Witches wild and lean,

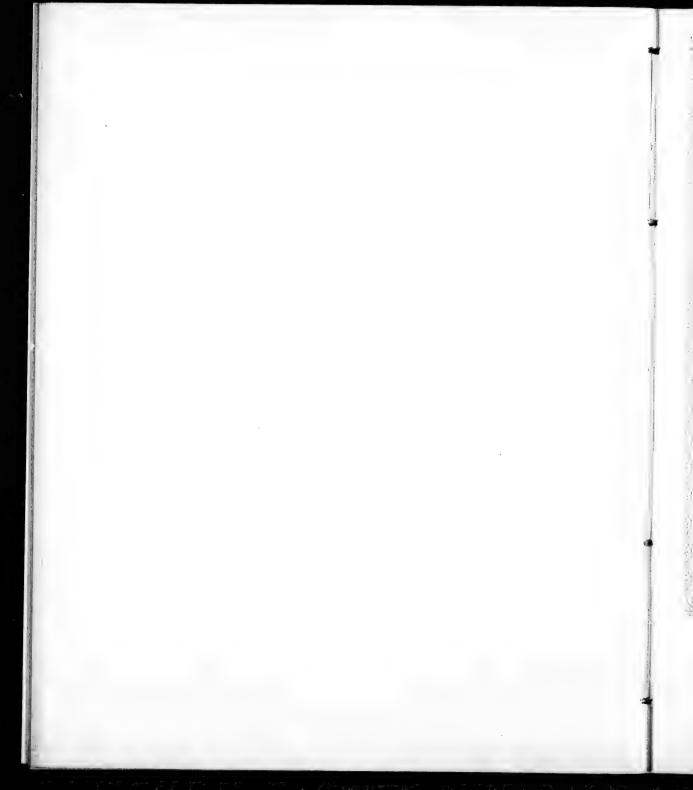
No crafty Sirens from the deeps,

No Genii from the green:

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No mellow-throated nightingaleg
Rouging the wilds with song,
While Echo waits through all the valeg
The sweet notes to prolons;
No larks, at heaven's coral sate,
To celebrate the day
In fiery strains, and passionate
Outbursts of lyric lay.



But we have birds of plumase brisht,

And warblers in our woods,

Whose hearts are well-springs of delight,

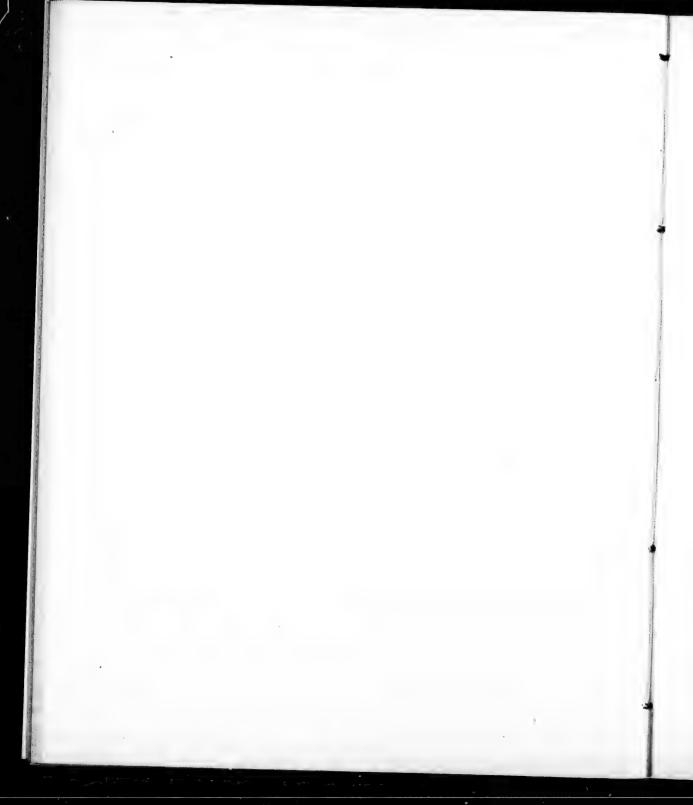
Whose haunts, the solitudes—

The dim, untrodden wilderness,

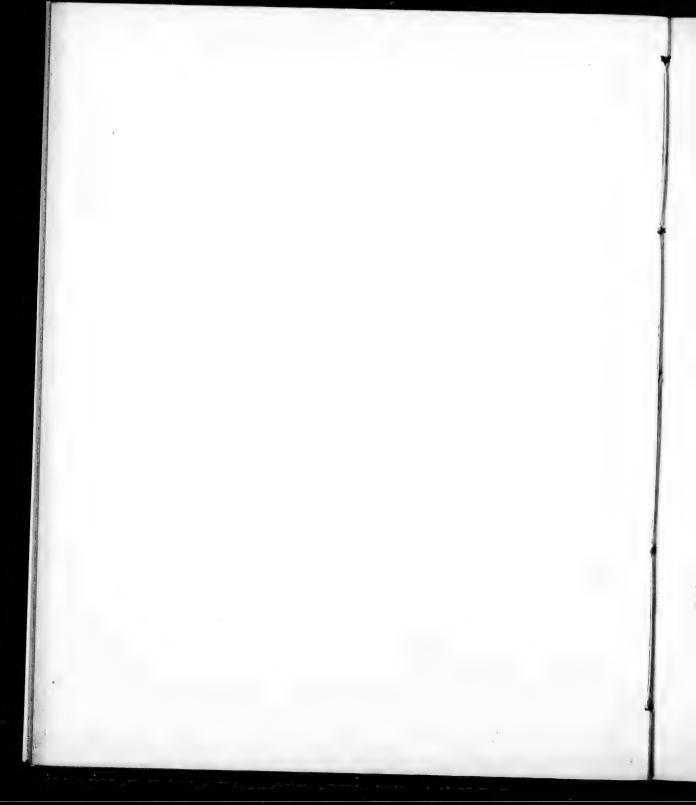
Where wildness reisns supreme—

God's solemn temple none the less

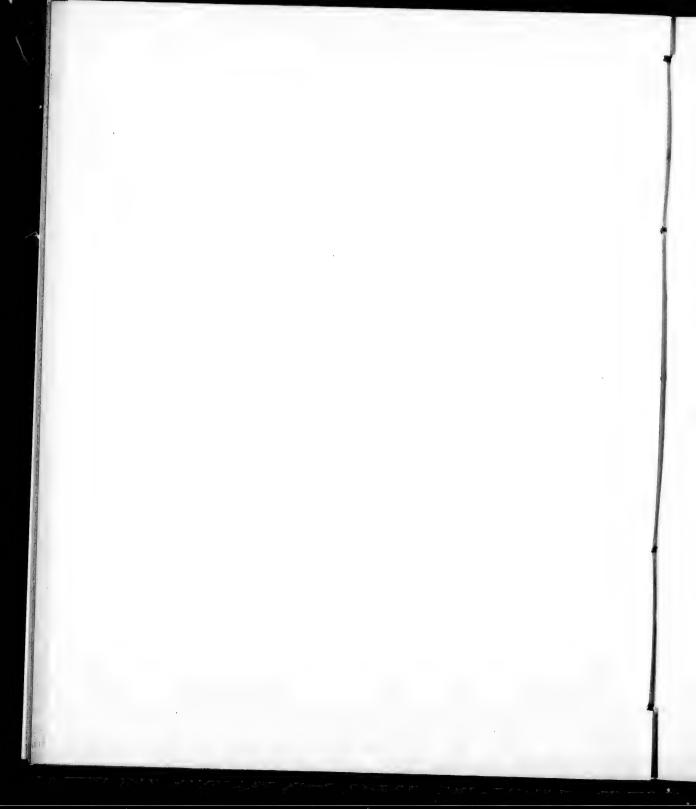
Than some romantic dream;



Vact e'vn beyond the thought of man,
Magnificently grand;
Coeval with the first great plan,
From Nature's artist-hand:
Deep within deep, and wild on wild,
In savage roughness rolled,
Grandeur on grandeur heaped and piled
Through lusty days of old:



The steps-browed cape, the lofty peak
Round which the mists are curled,
Whence Fancy not in vain might seek
The circle of the world:
Broad inland seas and lovely lakes
Their tributes seaward pour
O'er cataracts, whose thunder shakes
The spanite-belted shore:



The rugged oak, the regal pine,

Our woodland monarchy, these,

Whose strong arms nursed the circling

Vine

Their reign was from the days of eld,
Their hosts were mighty peers,
Who fought and fell as time compelled
The battle of the years.



We 'zave no feudal castles old,

Like eyries perched on hish,

Whence issue knishts or barons bold.

The read destroy;

But we've the remnant of a race

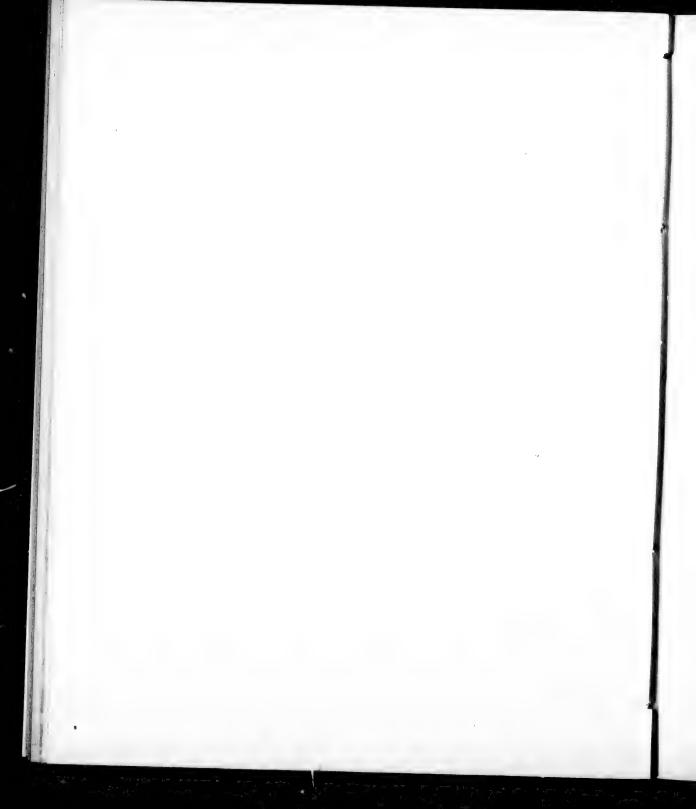
Cle bold and brave as they,

Whether in battle or the chase

The Red Man of to-day.



How brave—how freat—in days of yore, Their scanty lesends tell;
The soul a-hunsered craves for more, But lo! beneath the swell
Of Time's resistless, onward roll,
The unwritten secrets lie,
No voice from out the distant soal,
No answer but a sish.



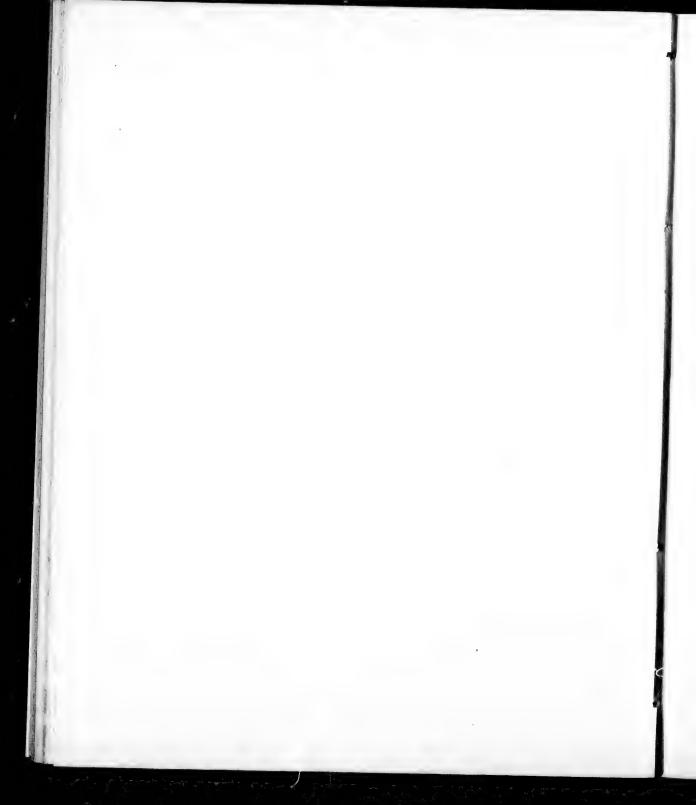
For Time, like some old miser, keeps The record of the Tribes,

And will not yield it from the deeps

What mighty Chiefe! what Sacheme

What multitudes of Braves!

But what remains of those to-day? a continent of spaves!



Und in their stead the Old World pours

Its streams of living men—

Its hearts of oak—along our shores

The people hill and flen;

The hearts of oak—along our shores

The people hill and flen;

The heaven's frace,

We rise, in freedom and in truth,

Another British race.



Stand up, then, in thy youthful pride, O nation yet to be,

And wed this speat land to its bride, The broad Utlantic Sea;

Fling out Britannia's flag above
Our heaven-born endeavor,

Our chain of waveg-one chain of love-Uniting us forever.

